

COMIC  
MEDIA

BLAZING GUNS AND REDSKINS

626

DEATH  
VALLEY

# DEATH VALLEY

10

## FOOL'S GOLD

DEADLY TRIPLE-CROSS OVER THE  
SPOILS OF A LOST INDIAN MINE.

A COMPLETE IN-THIS ISSUE  
NOVEL OF THE OLD WEST.

10¢

**BLOODY  
SHERIFF**  
**BABY-FACED  
KILLER**

TRIGGER FAST STORIES  
OF THE TRUE WEST!

DON  
HECK





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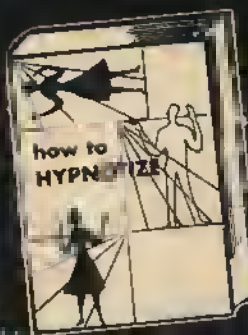
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EVERY GRAIN OF DUST,  
EVERY NUGGET, WOULD  
ASSAY PURER THAN  
ANY EVER FOUND  
AROUND DRYGULCH,  
BUT IT WAS STILL...

# FOOL'S GOLD

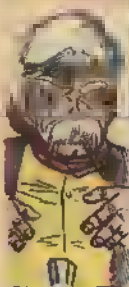
WHY YUH UNGRATEFUL  
YOUNG COOT?

DON  
HECK

**T**OM QUILLAN HAD SEARCHED FOR GOLD ALL OF HIS LIFE WITHOUT SUCCESS. THAT'S WHY WHEN HE MADE A STRIKE HE COULDN'T HELP TALKING ABOUT IT. PERHAPS FATE PUT JED BUSCH RIGHT WHERE HE COULD HEAR OLD TOM TALKING. ANYWAY, AFTER THAT, THEY SORT OF GOT TOGETHER AND HELPED ONE ANOTHER OUT... OUT OF THIS WORLD, THAT IS!

LOOKA HERE, GEORGE! YOU WONT  
EVEN MISS A FINGER OR TWO O'  
CHEAP STUFF, AND I'LL PAY YUH  
SOON. GOT A MIGHTY PROMISIN'  
CLAIM STAKED OUT, I HAVE!

I SAID NO,  
N-O-N-O!



BUT A  
MAN'S NOT  
FINDING  
ANY GOLD  
DID NOT  
STOP HIM  
FROM  
RAISING  
A POWER-  
FUL THIRST

NOW GET  
OUT AND  
**STAY  
OUT!**

YUH'LL SEE, GEORGE!  
I'LL MAKE A STRIKE  
ONE OF THESE  
O... OUCH!





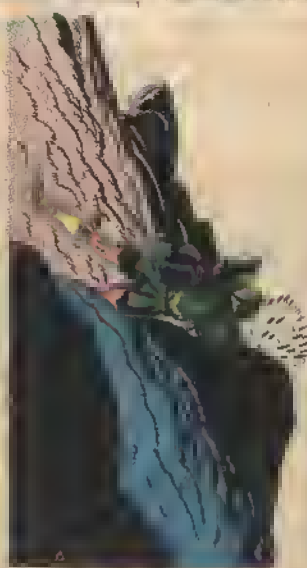
DAD' BLAME IT! YUH'D A THOUGHT  
IT COME OUTA GEORGE'S OWN  
POCKET! WELL, THERE AIN'T  
NOTHIN' TUH DO EXCEPT GET  
BACK TUH DIGGIN' AN.  
SHOW 'EM!

COME ON,  
MAUD! COME  
ON. YUH OURN  
CRITTER!

SO RODE WAH-NEE-TAH-SEE, DAUGHTER OF THE  
APACHE CHIEF, WAR CLOUD, HEEDLESS OF DAN-  
GER, THOUGHTLESS OF LOOSE SHALE, SUDDENLY...



AS OLD TOM QUILLAN INCHED HIS WAY UP THE  
NARROW MOUNTAIN TRAIL, A YOUNG GIRL  
RODE RECKLESSLY, DISDAINFUL OF THE  
TRAVELED PATHS, RODE AS AN INDIAN GIRL  
WOULD RIDE, WITH THE WIND WHIPPING  
HER FACE...



A MOMENT LATER, AT A BEND  
IN THE TRAIL...

DAD BLAST IT, MAUD... UH...  
WHOA! ... AN INJUN HOSS!  
A SPILL, TOO! BUT WHAR'S  
THE INJUN?



WELL, I'LL BE GOL-BLAMED!  
AN INJUN GAL! HURT BAD...  
AIN'T MOVIN'  
MAYBE DEAD!



DON'T TRUST THEM  
APACHES, NONE. BUT  
SHUCKS, A LITTLE APACHE  
GAL NEVER HARMED  
NOBODY!



ANYHOW, YUH JEST  
CAN'T LEAVE HER  
HERE FER THE  
BUZZARDS!



HMM MIGHTY  
PURTY, TOO...



...AN' SHE  
DON'T WEIGH  
HARDLY  
NOTHIN'!



AS QUILLAN LAID THE GIRL GENTLY ON THE GROUND,  
SHE CAME TO AND THERE WAS FEAR IN HER EYES...

JEST TAKE IT EASY LITTLE LADY, AND  
YUH'LL BE ALL RIGHT. BUT HOW IN  
TARNATION AM I GONNA GET YUH  
TO YORE PAPPY WITH YORE  
BUSTED LEG?

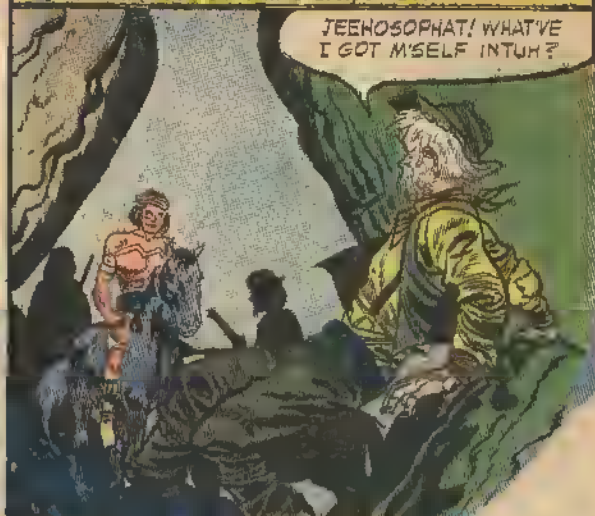




SUDDENLY THE GIRL SAT UPRIGHT, AND CLAPPING HAND TO MOUTH REPEATEDLY, GAVE A SHRILL STACCATO YELL!!!



QUICKLY... AN ANSWERING CRY, AND...



THERE WERE ANXIOUS MOMENTS FOR OLD TOM QUILLAN, AS THE BAND OF MURDEROUS WACHE RODE IN ON THE SCENE. THEN THE LITTLE DAUGHTER SPOKE TO HER FATHER, CHIEF WAR CLOUD, AND HE TURNED TO THE MINER...

YOU FRIEND. SAVE LIFE OF WAH-NEE-TAH-SEE. YOU COME. HEAP MUCH GOLD.

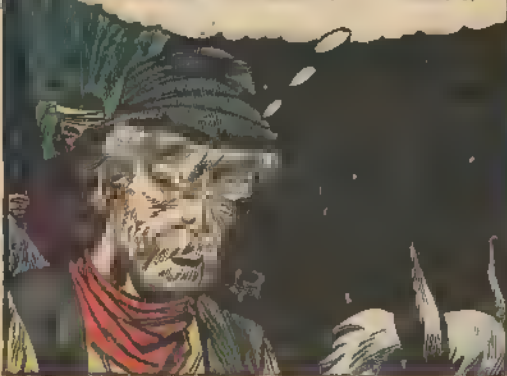


SENDING WAH-NEE-TAH-SEE TO CAMP WITH THE REST OF THE BAND, WAR CLOUD, TAKING ONE BRAVE TO FOLLOW, LED TOM QUILLAN ON THE GIRL'S HORSE, STRAIGHT OVER THE MOUNTAIN. QUILLAN DIDN'T TRUST THE REDSKIN, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO ABOUT IT...



THEY REACHED A NARROW MOUNTAIN PASS AND TOM'S HEART WENT UP INTO HIS THROAT...

THIS IS IT, I RECKON! UP IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN COUNTRY, THEY WON'T EVEN FIND M'BODY! WELL, I'LL GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF LEAD AFORE I GO DOWN, BY THUNDER!



THEN--DOWN INTO A VALLEY--AND AROUND A HUGE ROCK--WAR CLOUD DISMOUNTED, ORDERED TOM TO DISMOUNT TOO.



**GOLD! GOLD!  
MY GOLD!  
MINE!**



YOU MY FRIEND, YOU  
TAKUM GOLD ALL TIME.  
YOU NO BRINGUM WHITE  
MAN HERE. IS HOME  
INDIAN GREAT FATHER!

ME BRING ANYBODY HERE?  
YUH THINK I'M LOCO?  
DON'T WORRY! I AINT TELLIN'  
**NOBODY** ABOUT THIS PLACE!  
NOT ME!

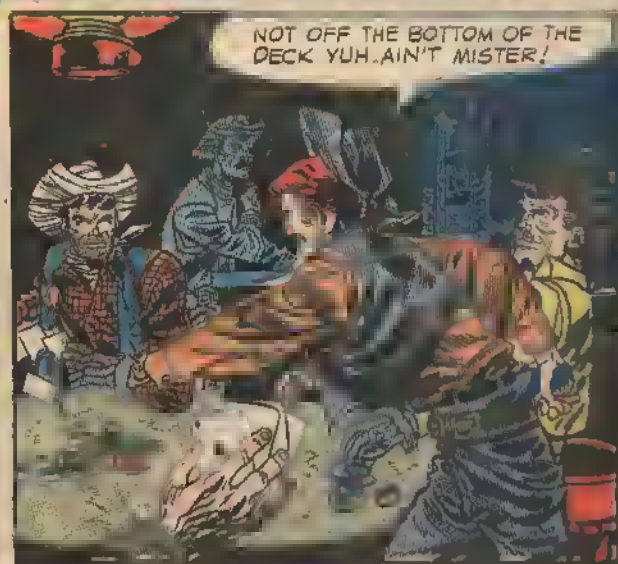


TOM QUILLAN AND JED BUSCH HAD NEVER  
MET, BUT FATE HAD BEEN WORKING ON THEIR  
MEETING FOR SOME TIME, AS FAR BACK AS  
THAT DAY IN GRANITE CITY, WHEN...

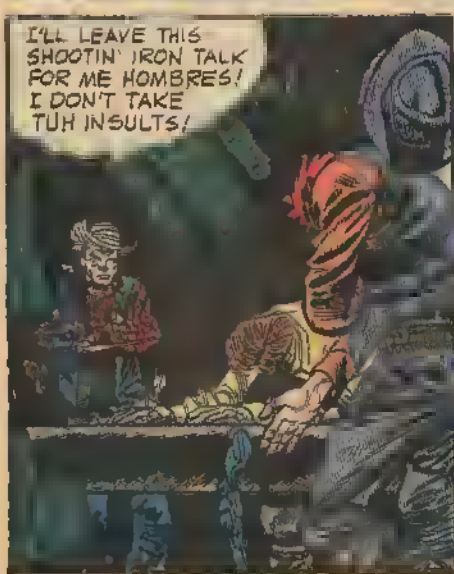
ME I'M DRAWING  
TWO CARDS!



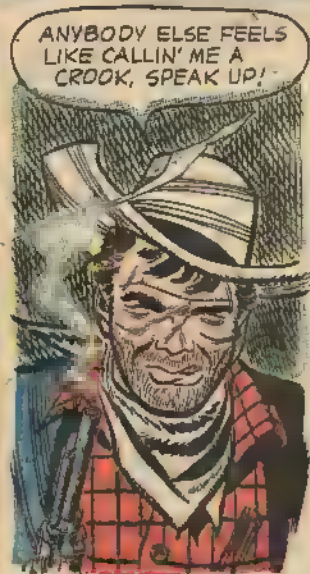
NOT OFF THE BOTTOM OF THE  
DECK YUH..AIN'T MISTER!



I'LL LEAVE THIS  
SHOOTIN' IRON TALK  
FOR ME HOMBRES!  
I DON'T TAKE  
TUH INSULTS!



ANYBODY ELSE FEELS  
LIKE CALLIN' ME A  
CROOK, SPEAK UP!



THAT WAS THE LAST GRANITE  
CITY EVER SAW OF JED BUSCH.  
BUT THERE WERE OTHER  
TOWNS, LIKE THE TOWN OF  
ARROYO, WHICH JED REACHED  
THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

HUH! ARROYO  
BANK! NOW  
STRANGE NUFF  
I'M SORT OF  
LOW ON  
CASH!



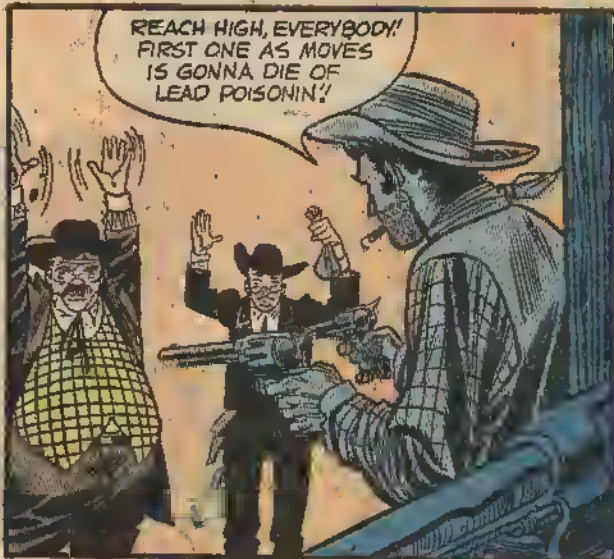


JED LEFT HIS HORSE AT THE RAIL AND SAUNTERED EASILY INTO THE BANK...

STILL OPEN FER BUSINESS. GOOO! SAVES CRASHIN' IN THE DOOR!

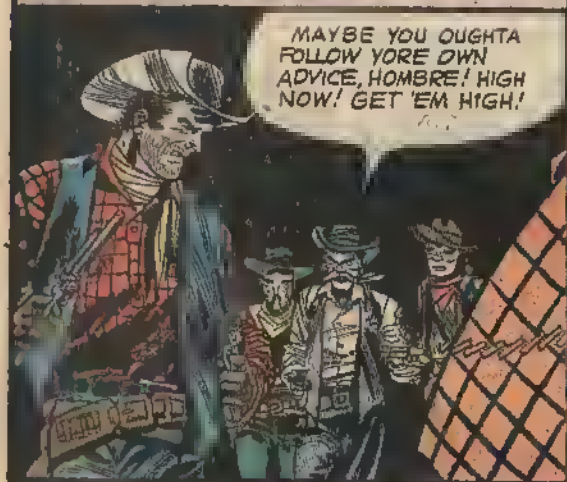


REACH HIGH, EVERYBODY! FIRST ONE AS MOVES IS GONNA DIE OF LEAD POISONIN'!



THERE WAS ONLY ONE HITCH IN JED'S PLAN. THE SHERIFF HAD SEEN HIM ENTER THE BANK, AND HADN'T LIKED HIS LOOKS...

MAYBE YOU OUGHTA FOLLOW YORE DWN ADVICE, HOMBRE! HIGH NOW! GET 'EM HIGH!

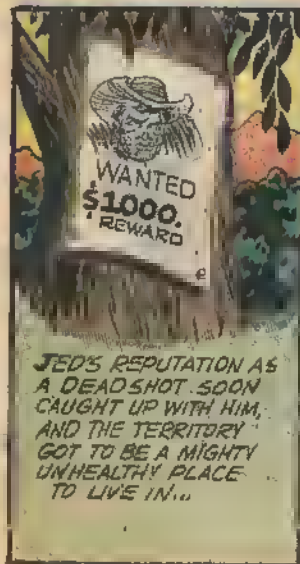


GUESS YUH AINT NEVER HEARD O' ME, MISTER! FASTEST DRAW, DEADDEST SHOT WEST O' THE PECOS!



WANTED  
\$1000.  
REWARD

JED'S REPUTATION AS A DEADSHOT SOON CAUGHT UP WITH HIM, AND THE TERRITORY GOT TO BE A MIGHTY UNHEALTHY PLACE TO LIVE IN...



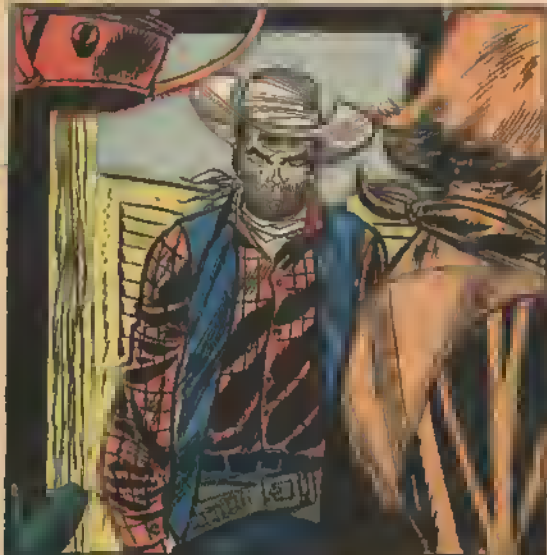
BUT THE COUNTRY WAS BROAD, SO THAT A MAN DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE LOSING HIMSELF IF HE TRIED A LITTLE... ANYWAY, JED HADN'T RAISED A PENNY IN THE IN THE TERRITORY, IN SPITE OF SEVEN KILLINGS IN THE PAST FEW DAYS...



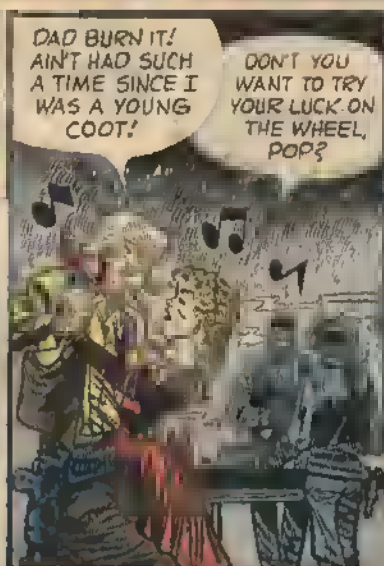
THEN IN THE NEW TERRITORY, JED CAME UPON DRYGULCH. DRYGULCH HAD STARTED TO GROW INTO A BOOM TOWN ON THE BASIS OF A SMALL GOLD STRIKE AND A LARGE AMOUNT OF RUMOR. THERE WAS NO LAW IN DRYGULCH YET. JED WOULD LIKE THAT...







OLD TOM QUILLAN HAD WAITED A LIFETIME FOR A SITUATION LIKE THE ONE IN WHICH HE FOUND HIMSELF AND HE DIDN'T WASTE A SINGLE MOMENT OF IT...





DID YUH HEAR THAT OLD MAN?  
HE SAYS THERE'S PLENTY MORE  
WHERE IT COMES FROM! RECKON  
HE'S GOT A NICE LOAD STASHED  
AWAY IN HIS CABIN. DON'T KNOW  
WHERE HE HOLES UP THOUGH!

HE'LL BE PLENTY  
'HIGH WHEN HE  
LEAVES HERE.  
RED WON'T  
KNOW WE'RE  
FOLLOWING HIM!



LATER...

WAL, S'LONG, BABY...  
I'LL SHORE 'NUFF BE  
SEEN' YUH AGIN!

SO LONG, POP.  
SURE YOU CAN  
MAKE IT?



AS QUILLAN LEFT...

OKAY,  
LET'S  
GO!



NO ONE HAD PAID ANY ATTENTION TO THE LONE  
DRINKER, WHO HAD NOT LEFT HIS TABLE. NO ONE  
NOTICED JED NOW...

THAT THERE IS RED HARPER  
--WANTED AS A ROAD AGENT.  
RECKON HE'LL BE GETTING  
A PARDNER HE DON'T  
HANKER FOR.



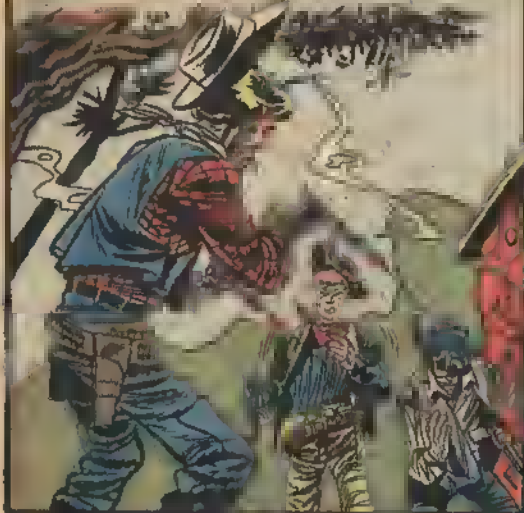
TOM QUILLAN WAS IN NO SHAPE TO KNOW ANYONE  
WAS FOLLOWING HIM. AND RED HARPER NEVER  
SUSPECTED THAT HE AND HIS BOYS ALSO HAD  
EYES WATCHING THEIR EVERYMOVE...

WHEN JED MOVED INTO SIGHT OF TOM QUILLAN'S  
CABIN, A KILLING WAS ALREADY IN THE MAKING...





SO JED BUSCH LOST NO TIME...



THE ROAR OF HIS GUNS  
BROKE THE SILENCE LIKE  
AN EARTHQUAKE...



JED THEN RUSHED FORWARD FOR THE KILL...



WELL DOGGONE  
STRANGER, YUH SHORE  
SAVED M' LIFE!



THEN BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED JED COULD  
THINK TO PULL THE TRIGGER...

HERE, PARDNER! GRAB  
THIS HYAR GOLD! THEY'S  
PLENTY MORE! I AINT  
ONE TUH BE STINGY!



UH... PLENTY MORE  
...UH... KETCH ME...  
I'M... DIZZY...






IT'S A SECRET WHERE  
I GOT THE GOLD... BUT  
COME BACK NEXT WEEK  
AN'... EVERY WEEK... AS  
LONG AS I LIVE... FER  
MORE OF THE SAME

WHY YOU FOOL!  
THAT'S  
DAYS AWAY! I  
WANT MONEY NOW!  
BIG SHOT! YOU!  
HA-HA-HA-HA!

SO SHE HAS TO HAVE  
MONEY NOW, EH? WELL,  
THEN, I'LL GIT HER  
MONEY!

A man with a beard and a cowboy hat, wearing a red and blue plaid shirt and blue jeans, stands in a wooded area. He has a determined, almost angry expression. He is holding a small, dark object in his right hand. The background shows a forest with trees and a small building in the distance. The scene is set in a rural, wooded area.





ROARING DOWN ON THE STAGE, JED FIRED RUTHLESSLY AND WITH DEADLY AIM...



NO! NO!  
PLEASE TAKE  
MY MONEY BUT...  
AARGH-H-H-H!

AIN'T LEAVIN  
NO WITNESSES!  
AIN'T A FOOL!

JED SAW A MAN Huddled INSIDE THE STAGE  
AND WHEN HE WENT FOR HIM...

LISTEN, DON'T SHOOT, MISTER!  
I BEEN TO THE DOCS AT THE COUNTY  
SEAT! AIN'T GOT LONG TUH LIVE!  
BESIDES, I KIN GIVE YUH MORE  
GOLD THEN YUH'D FIND HERE,  
ANYHOW!

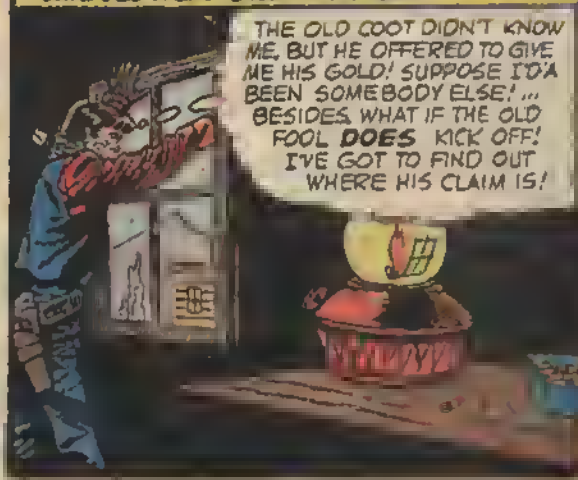
IT'S THE  
OLD MAN!  
I CAN'T  
SHOOT  
HIM!

ALTHOUGH JED COULDN'T KILL OLD TOM QUILLAN,  
HE COULDN'T LET HIM KNOW WHO HE WAS, EITHER.  
HE FAKED A KILL, AIMED JUST PAST THE MINER'S  
HEAD...



AII-YYY!

THE STAGE STICKUP NETTED ENOUGH TO SEND  
JED'S WIFE OUT ON A SPENDING JAG, BUT IT  
GAVE JED A BAD CASE OF JITTERS...



THE OLD COOT DIDN'T KNOW  
ME, BUT HE OFFERED TO GIVE  
ME HIS GOLD! SUPPOSE IT'D  
BEEN SOMEBODY ELSE! ...  
BESIDES WHAT IF THE OLD  
FOOL DOES KICK OFF!  
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT  
WHERE HIS CLAIM IS!



THAT NIGHT JED WENT INTO THE MOUNTAINS AND SETTLED HIMSELF WHERE HE COULD WATCH OLD TOM'S CABIN... THEN NEXT MORNING...



THERE HE GOES! PACK MULE AND ALL!

THE TRAIL WAS LONG AND TORTUROUS, BUT JED KEPT THE OLD MAN IN SIGHT...

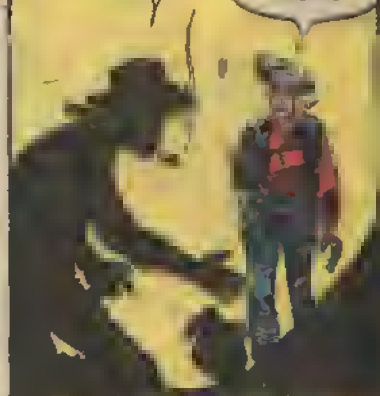


THE DURNED OLD FOX! NOBODY'D EVER OF EVEN SEEN THAT NARROW PASS! NOW IN THUNDER'D HE EVER FIND IT HISSELF?

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

OH... YOU! WHY, YUH DURNED IDIOT! WHAT YUH DOIN' HERE?

HUH! WHAT DO YUH SUPPOSE, POP?



WHY, YUH UNGRATEFUL YOUNG SQUIRT! YUH WON'T GIT AWAY WITH IT!

WHY YA...!



YOU'RE THE DEVIL HELD UP THE STAGE! NO WONDER YUH DIDN'T KILL ME THEN! YUH WOULDN'T A KNOWN WHERE TUH LOOK FER THE GOLD!

THAT'S THE IDEA!



NOW DIE, YOU OLD WALRUS! DIE! DIE!



THIS IS DURN NEAR DEEP ENOUGH, I RECKON. I'LL BE GLAD TUH GIT THE OLD POOL PLANTED AND OUTTA SIGHT!







**THE  
END**



# OUTLAW NIGHTMARE

(A TRUE STORY)

By Ken W. Fitch



He was slight, graceful and well groomed. At first glance he looked more like a gentleman than a gunman. But that was before you stared into his cold gray eyes. Then you knew that Burton Mossman's mind was razor-keen and his draw lightning-fast.

Burt Mossman first made his presence felt among the bandits and rustlers of Arizona when he joined the Aztec Cattle Company as its superintendent, around the turn of the century. At that time Navajo and Apache counties in Arizona were hotbeds of outlawry. So heavy was the toll of rustlers, that cattlemen were thinking of going out of business. Evidence necessary to convict was almost impossible to obtain. If caught branding cattle illegally the thief claimed he had made a mistake. Moreover, rustlers easily drove thousands of heads of cattle across the border into Mexico.

Yet, within a year after Mossman joined the Aztec outfit at least a dozen rustlers were sent to prison. That was something of a record. For about fifteen years prior to that not one single conviction had been obtained against cattle thieves in either Navajo or Apache counties.

Mossman worked personally with his men on the range. If a band of rustlers was apprehended, Burt Mossman was there to see that evidence necessary for conviction was obtained on the spot.

In spite of all Mossman's efforts, however, rustlers swarmed over the land. When one cattle thief was put away safely in jail, there would be two others arriving to take his place. And so, in time he realized that he was risking his life, constantly for little or no real advantage, other than to incur the hate of the rustlers, who had sworn to kill him. In one instance, Mossman was riding with a deputy sheriff, when they came upon a band of Mexicans known to belong to the Baca gang. The two men opened fire on the

Mexicans and dispersed them, after capturing one of their members. So fierce and close was the fighting that day that the reins Mossman held in his hand were severed by a Mexican bullet. When the outlaws rode off for reinforcements, Mossman and his companion hurried their captive to the county seat, arriving there not more than a half hour ahead of the Mexicans, who, in greater numbers, had taken up the trail of Mossman and his companion in the hope of slaughtering them.

About that time, the Arizona Territorial Legislature authorized the governor to organize a group of Arizona Rangers, after the pattern of the Texas Rangers. The governor of the territory asked Mossman to captain the group. He accepted on the condition that he be allowed to pick his own men. It was a small group, consisting of only fourteen men including Mossman, and their task was staggering, namely the wiping out of thieves, murderers, and other kinds of outlaws from the Territory.



When the band was organized, no man's cattle, sheep, home, or even life were safe. At the end of a year the majority of lawless men either lay in boothill cemetery, or disappeared from the territory to parts unknown. And most of the credit for the success of this lay at the feet of Burt Mossman, first because of the character of men he picked, second because of his dauntless leadership.

Mossman demanded the highest efficiency of his men and made it a rule that they should be fully armed, day or night, and ready for action. In twos and threes and singly they spread out over Arizona Territory, tracking down lawlessness wherever it might arise, disappearing for months at a time, on the dogged trail of some criminal. At one time two of Mossman's trusted men were killed by an outlaw they were tracking. Mossman did not learn of their deaths until



some time later. But immediately he took two Indian guides and for three weeks trailed the killer relentlessly. Only the fact that the murderer escaped out of the territory, never to return, caused Mossman to relent in his search.



The greatest single personal victory of Mossman's career was the tracking down and capturing of a vicious killer by the name of Augustine Chacon. Chacon had a record of about thirty killings to his credit, and some of them were the most cruel and ruthless in the history of the west. Once he and his gang had robbed a store and killed the proprietor by slashing him almost beyond recognition with knives. At another time he murdered a sheriff in front of his posse, while the sheriff was approaching Chacon's gang under a white flag of truce to speak with him. Chacon had been caught and sentenced to hang, but a week before the execution he escaped and fled into Mexico. From there he carried on countless raids in Arizona, rustling cattle, robbing and murdering relentlessly. Mossman determined to take the Mexican. Alone.

By playing the part of an escaped outlaw, Mossman was able to contact a couple of Chacon's men, and finally Chacon.

"The law's after me in Arizona," Mossman said. "I want to join up with you." The bandit Chacon raised his eyebrows. Mossman went on. "There's a fine batch of horses about ten miles across the border. They'd be easy to steal. I can lead you to them." Chacon showed some interest.

"You can stay," he said.

Chacon ordered breaking of camp and went in the lead of his men with Mossman beside him. But the Mexican never for an instant relaxed his vigilance. They traveled across the border, which was what Mossman wanted, for to make an arrest he had to have the outlaw within his own jurisdiction. Darkness had fallen before

they reached the location where Mossman had said the horses would be. It was therefore necessary to spend the night in camp, for, as Chacon knew, it would be useless to attempt to round up the animals in the darkness.

The chance Mossman had looked for came after breakfast the following morning. Chacon and Mossman were some distance from the band. If he did not act at once, the Ranger knew he might never have another chance. Acting casually, so as not to arouse Chacon's suspicion, Mossman edged into position. He whipped out his gun.

"Get 'em up, Chacon, or you're dead where you stand!"



Chacon started.

"Get on your horse," Mossman commanded. While the bandit was thus occupied, the Ranger disarmed his captive.

There was nothing suspicious about their leaving as far as the rest of the camp was concerned. Chacon's hands were on his horse's reins. They might have been on the way to look over the land.

"Ride for the railroad," said Mossman. "Don't try to escape, or I'll kill you."

Burt Mossman delivered his captive to the sheriff at Benson, and shortly after that the Mexican killer died at the end of a hangman's rope. The incident from beginning to end had been charged with dynamite, but Mossman's cool, skillful courage had carried events to their logical conclusion.

A year had passed since Burt Mossman had taken over the Arizona Rangers. It was now safe for an honest man to stay in business. It was time, Mossman thought, to resign and go back to a ranchman's ways.





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- ☐ Zebra-Snake Design, Reversible  
☐ Leopard Cowhide Design, Reversible  
☐ Split Seat \$2.98 ☐ Solid Seat \$2.98  
☐ Set (Front & Rear) \$5.00  
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RUSH

ORDER TODAY!



FITS ALL CARS

### STYLE -400

Zebra-Snake Skin Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives interior distinctive dress up appearance. Front & Rear Seat only

\$2.98

### STYLE -500

Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flextan Plastic. Leopard Skin on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never gets dirty for it cleans with a white oil & damp cloth. Front or Rear.

\$2.98



# UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds

with VACUTEX

FELLOWS! GIRLS! Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

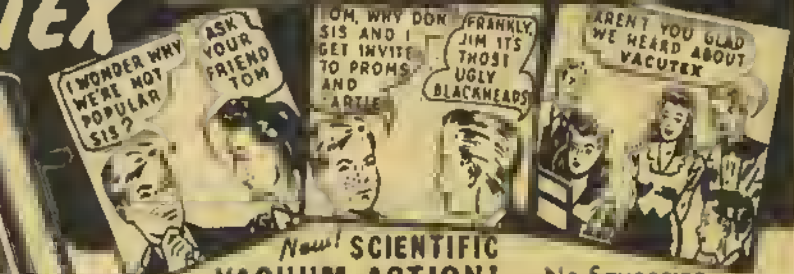
## BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls In Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates! Because blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! They DON'T look good in close-ups! So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with that fellow who has blackheads." But you—ate YOUR ears burning!

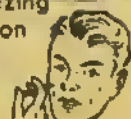
Extract every blackhead with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.



## Now! SCIENTIFIC VACUUM ACTION!

VACUTEX is painless... safe... fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that make your skin look grimy and dingy... give others such a wrong impression. VACUTEX creates gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. No painful squeezing! No dangerous

No Squeezing  
No Infection  
No Injury  
to Skin  
Tissues



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

ACTUAL LENGTH 3 1/2"

## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1 plus postage. Or save postage, enclose \$1. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back.

## 10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

SALECO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 111, 19 West 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.  
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus 43¢ postage.  
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

- SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.



BART LEONARD HAD THE CONFIDENCE AND RESPECT OF THE WHOLE TOWN OF WEST CITY, AND THAT WAS WHY THEY ELECTED HIM THEIR LAWMAN. AND ALL THE WHILE, HE WAS LEADING A MURDEROUS GANG OF ROAD AGENTS, THIEVES AND KILLERS. HE WAS THE...

# BLOODY SHERIFF

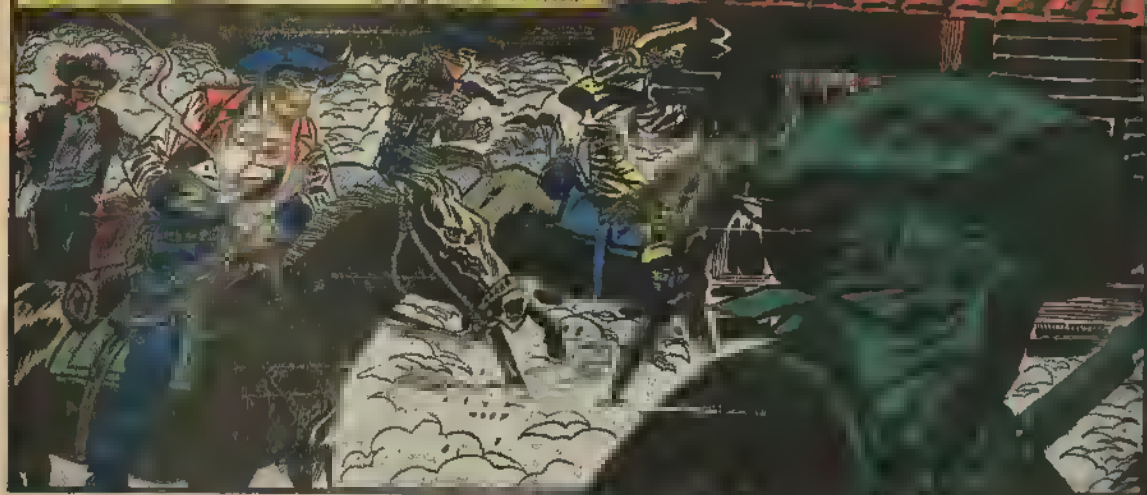


THERE HAD BEEN A SERIES OF UNCHECKED ROBBERIES AND HOLDUPS, IN WHICH THE VICTIMS LOST THEIR LIVES AS WELL AS THEIR MONEY, THROUGH VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. BUT NONE HAD EVER MATCHED THE HOLD-UP OF THE SILVER SLIPPER CAFE IN ROCKTON, THIRTY MILES NORTH OF WEST CITY...





THERE WAS A ROAR LIKE THUNDER AS POUNDING  
HOOFES CARRIED THE MARAUDERS OUT OF TOWN...

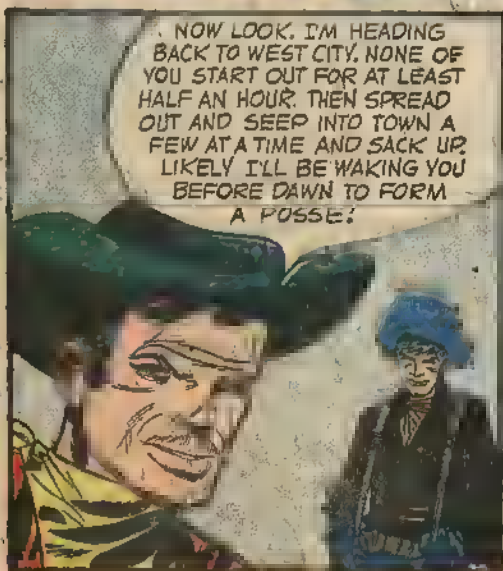


AN HOUR  
LATER IN A  
MOUNTAIN  
HIDEOUT.

STEP UP, MEN, AND  
GET YOUR CUT.  
THEN I HAVE  
SOMETHING TO  
SAY TO YOU!



NOW LOOK, I'M HEADING  
BACK TO WEST CITY. NONE OF  
YOU START OUT FOR AT LEAST  
HALF AN HOUR. THEN SPREAD  
OUT AND SEEP INTO TOWN A  
FEW AT A TIME AND SACK UP.  
LIKELY I'LL BE WAKING YOU  
BEFORE DAWN TO FORM  
A POSSE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, BART LEONARD, HIS SADDLE-  
BAGS FILLED WITH HIS SHARE, LEFT FOR WEST CITY...





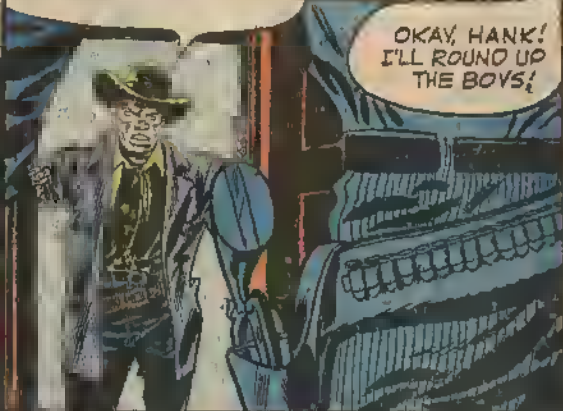
BART LEONARD, THE SHERIFF AT WEST CITY, WAS UP BEFORE DAWN, AS HE WAS FINISHING HIS DRESSING...

YES, YES...  
WAIT A MINUTE!  
I'M COMING!



SHERIFF, THERE WAS A MASS MURDER UP AT ROCKTON, LAST NIGHT! SILVER SLIPPER WAS TAKEN AND EVERYLAST CUSTOMER KILLED! YOU'D BETTER GET SOME MEN TOGETHER... FOLKS AT ROCKTON SAY THE BANDITS HEADED THIS WAY!

OKAY, HANK!  
I'LL ROUND UP  
THE BOYS!



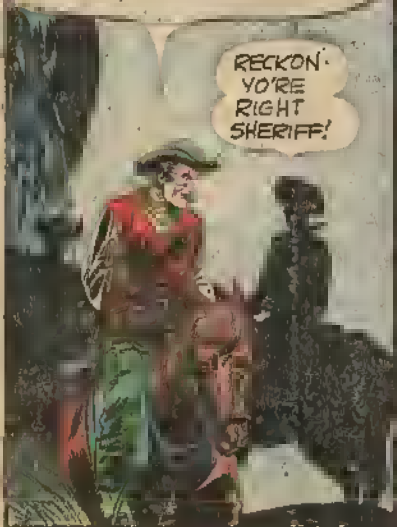
AT THE CRACK OF DAWN THE SHERIFF LED A POSSE INTO THE HILLS... MOST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE POSSE BELONGING TO THE GANG WHO HAD THEMSELVES PERFORMED THE MASSACRE THE NIGHT BEFORE...



THEY KEPT ON THE TRAIL, AND THEN LATE IN THE AFTERNOON...

IT LOOKS AS IF THEY GOT AWAY CLEAN BOYS! I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT RETURN TO TOWN AND WAIT FOR A BREAK! SOONER OR LATER THE KILLERS WILL SHOW THEIR HANDS AND THEN WE'LL HAVE THEM!

RECKON  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT  
SHERIFF!



THE SHERIFF RETURNED TO TOWN AND THINGS QUIETED DOWN. LATER THAT NIGHT...

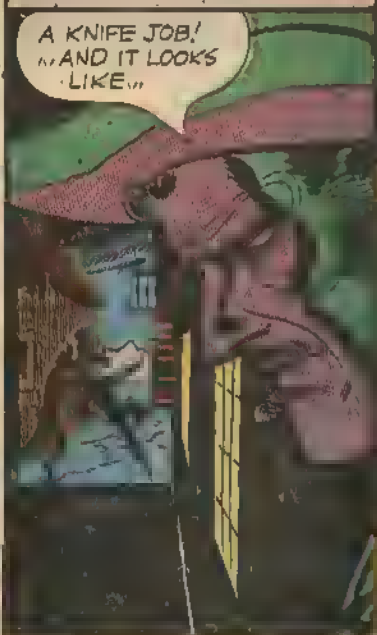
WHO YUH FIGURE IS  
PULLIN' THEM JOBS?  
GOT ANY IDEAS?

NOT A ONE.  
BUT WE'LL BE  
ON THE LOOKOUT.  
DON'T WORRY! I'LL  
GET THEM. I'LL  
OPEN MEN... FIVE  
BLUE CHIPS!



IT WAS NEAR MIDNIGHT WHEN BART LEONARD FINISHED HIS GAME. AS HE WALKED TOWARD HOME HE SAW A SHADOW MOVING IN AN ALLEY!

A KNIFE JOB!  
...AND IT LOOKS  
LIKE...

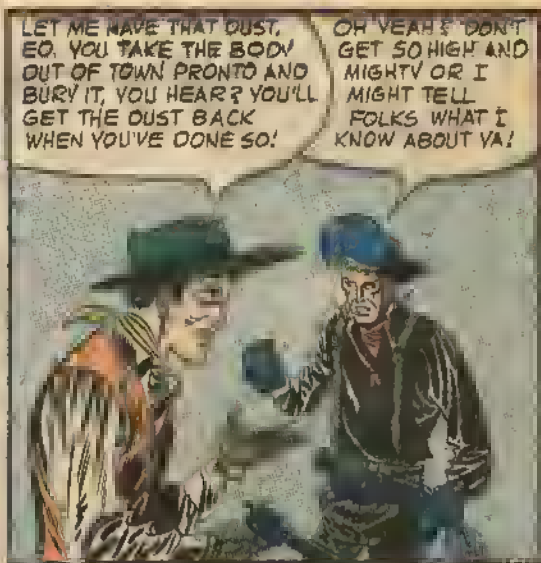






YEAH... I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU! YOU SLOBBERING FOOL, WESTBROOK! IF ANYONE SHOULD SEE ME TALKING TO YOU NOW, I'D HAVE TO PULL YOU IN!

LISTEN, BART... IT WAS EASY PICKIN'!



LET ME HAVE THAT DUST, EO. YOU TAKE THE BODY OUT OF TOWN PRONTO AND BURY IT, YOU HEAR? YOU'LL GET THE DUST BACK WHEN YOU'VE DONE SO!

OH YEAH? DON'T GET SO HIGH AND MIGHTY OR I MIGHT TELL FOLKS WHAT I KNOW ABOUT YA!



WHY YOU BIG APE? DO YOU THINK THEY'D TAKE YOUR WORD AGAINST MINE? LISTEN... FROM NOW ON, YOU'D BETTER DO IT MY WAY OR...

YEAH... YEAH! OKAY BART, I'LL GET RID OF THE BODY!

AND YOU TOO SOME DAY!



THAT NIGHT BART LEONARD BECAME A WORRIED MAN...

I SHOULD HAVE FILLED THAT COVOTE WITH LEAD. HIS BIG MOUTH COULD TIE A NOOSE AROUND MY NECK. THE ONLY THING TO DO NOW IS KEEP HIM SCARED!



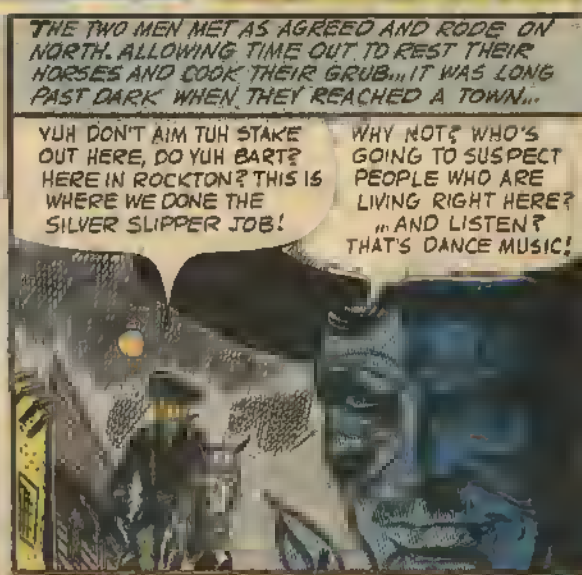
AND THE BEST WAY TO KEEP MY EYE ON HIM IS TO TAKE THE RAT OUT OF TOWN!... WHERE IT WON'T BE SO EASY FOR HIM TO OPEN HIS BIG TRAP TO FOLKS I KNOW!

BY DAWN THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE SHERIFF'S DOOR...



PUT THE HARDWARE DOWN BART, IT'S ONLY ME! I TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING! NOBODY WILL EVER FIND HIM!

OKAY, EO! NOW HIT THE TRAIL. WE'RE LIGHTING OUT OF WEST CITY! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE BIG ARROYO JUST NORTH OF HERE ABOUT NOON!



THE TWO MEN MET AS AGREED AND RODE ON NORTH. ALLOWING TIME OUT TO REST THEIR HORSES AND COOK THEIR GRUB... IT WAS LONG PAST DARK WHEN THEY REACHED A TOWN...

YUH DON'T AIM TUH STAKE OUT HERE, DO YUH BART? HERE IN ROCKTON? THIS IS WHERE WE DONE THE SILVER SLIPPER JOB!

WHY NOT? WHO'S GOING TO SUSPECT PEOPLE WHO ARE LIVING RIGHT HERE? ...AND LISTEN? THAT'S DANCE MUSIC!



THE TWO MEN TIED THEIR HORSES  
AT THE RAIL AND WENT INSIDE...



A SQUARE DANCE!  
ED I'M GOING TO  
HAVE MYSELF A  
TURN AT IT!

NOT ME,  
BART! I'LL  
STAND ASIDE  
AND LOOK  
ON!

YOU'RE A MIGHTY  
NICE DANCER, MISS.  
AND MIGHTY PRETTY,  
TOO! MIND TELLING  
ME YOUR NAMES?

CATHY HOWARD.  
AND THANK YOU  
FOR THE COMPLI-  
MENTS... IF YOU  
REALLY MEAN  
THEM!

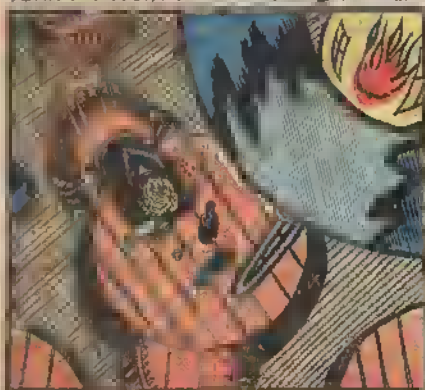
I MEAN THEM, ALL RIGHT,  
MISS CATHY. I MIGHT TELL  
YOU MY NAME IF YOU'RE  
INTERESTED, TOO.. BART  
LEONARD, PERHAPS  
YOU'VE HEARD OF ME!

OH, YES! YOU'RE  
THE SHERIFF OF  
WEST CITY!  
YOU'RE FAMOUS  
AROUND THESE  
PARTS!

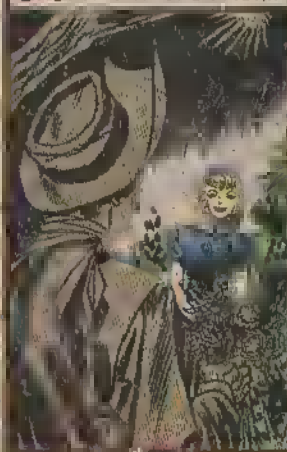




BART LEONARD SETTLED DOWN IN ROCKTON, RENTING A CABIN WITH ED WESTBROOK. EACH MAN FEARING AND HATING THE OTHER, YET EACH WILLING TO WAIT FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO STRIKE! ED WESTBROOK WAITED HIS OPPORTUNITY IN A STATE OF DRUNKEDNESS...



WHILE BART LEONARD COURTED CATHY HOWAR, AND SUDDENLY FELT A STRONG DESIRE TO BREAK WITH HIS PAST...



AND SO, ONE DAY LEONARD PROPOSED TO CATHY...

"I'M SORRY BART. YOU'RE A WONDERFUL FRIEND. BUT YOU SEE, I'M ALREADY ENGAGED... TO TOM WALDRON. HE WORKING A CLAIM RIGHT NOW, ON NORTH RIVER."

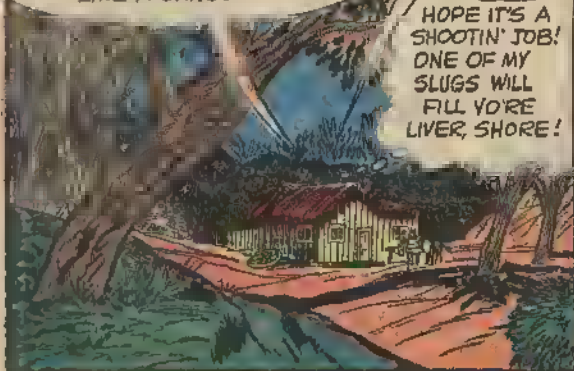


OUT OF CATHY'S REFUSAL, A SCHEME GREW IN BART LEONARD'S MIND...

RIDE TO WEST CITY, EQ ROUND UP THE BOYS AND TELL 'EM TO WANDER OUT THIS WAY. A FEW AT A TIME SO THEY WON'T LOOK LIKE A GANG!

OKAY... LOOKS LIKE VUH GOT A JOB LINED UP, EH?

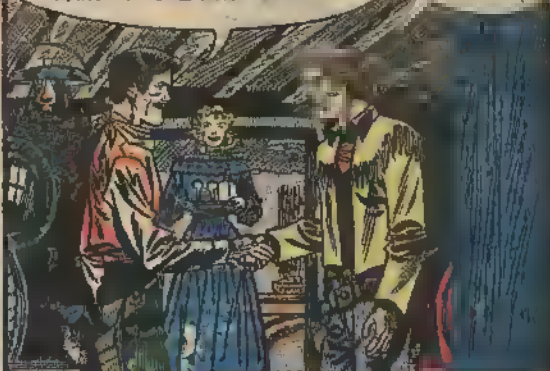
HOPE IT'S A SHOOTIN' JOB! ONE OF MY SLUGS WILL FILL YO'RE LIVER, SHORE!



WHEN TOM WALDRON RODE INTO TOWN ONE NIGHT, CATHY INTRODUCED HIM TO BART LEONARD.

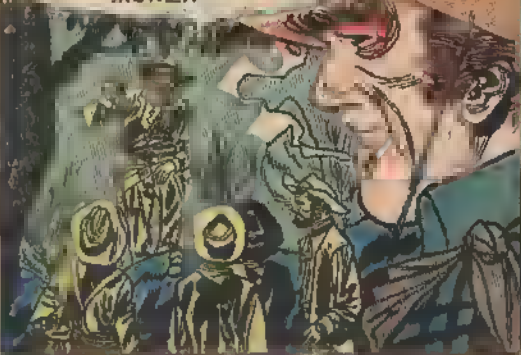
SO YO'RE CATHY'S FIANCE, EH, WALDRON? I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, MISTER, I'VE GOT MY EYE ON HER, TOO! ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR!

YEAH. I RECKON IT WORKS BOTH WAYS!



LATER THAT WEEK IN THE HILLS...

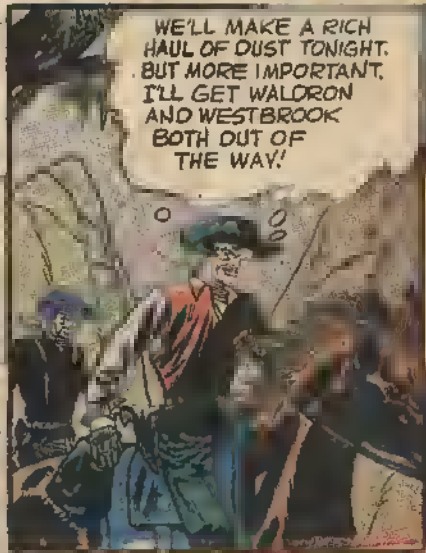
I'VE GOT A SWEET HAUL LINED UP BOYS. IT'LL TAKE A BIT OF PLANNING. SO LIE LOW, WHILE I BUILD UP A LOT OF FRIENDSHIPS IN TOWN... DON'T GET INTO ANY BRAWLS, AND DON'T FLASH ANY BIG MONEY!



IT WAS ALMOST A MONTH LATER THAT A SILENT DEADLY COLUMN RODE INTO THE MOUNTAINS IN THE DIRECTION OF NORTH RIVER...



WE'LL MAKE A RICH HAUL OF DUST TONIGHT. BUT MORE IMPORTANT, I'LL GET WALDRON AND WESTBROOK BOTH OUT OF THE WAY!

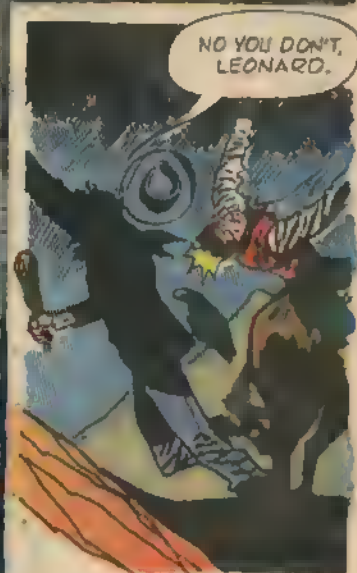
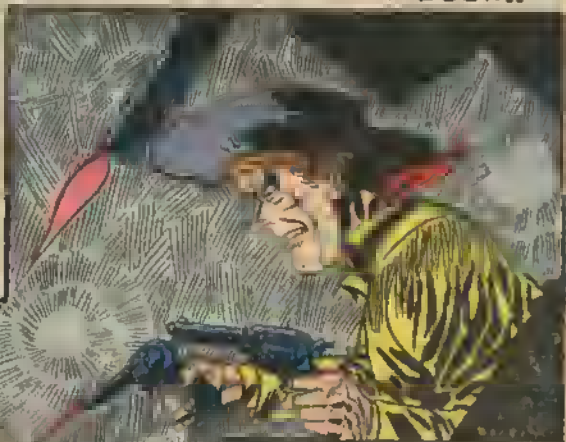




NORTH RIVER WAS A BIG RICH CAMP WHOSE GOLD HAD ONLY BEEN TOUCHED. LEONARD LED THE WAY STEATHILY...

THE CAMP'S SLEEPING SOUND, GET READY... DON'T LEAVE ONE OF 'EM ALIVE!

SUDDENLY A TORCH FLARED IN THE BLACKNESS AND A RIFLE CRACKED. IN THE FOLLOWING SECOND BEDLAM BROKE LOOSE AND LEONARD AND HIS MURDEROUS GANG REALIZED THEY HAD RUN STRAIGHT INTO AN... **AMBUSH!!**



WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE FOND OF CATHY, LEONARD, YOU SAID THE WRONG THING! 'CAUSE ANYONE SHE MARRIES HAS TO BE OKAY!

I INQUIRED ABOUT YOU AT WEST CITY, LEONARD. IT SEEMS YOU **HAD** A GOOD REP... UNTIL YOU LEFT TOWN! THEN ALL THE KILLINGS. SUDDENLY STOPPED AROUND THERE!

"SO WE KEPT AN EYE ON YOU, WE KNEW YOUR GANG CAME INTO TOWN, AND WE KNEW WHEN YOU SET OUT TONIGHT..."

IT WAS WESTBROOK WHO BROKE DOWN FIRST AND TOLD THE WHOLE SORDID STORY... HOPING TO GET MERCY...

HE GOT IT ALL RIGHT. HE WAS THE FIRST TO HANG... SO HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO SEE BART LEONARD SQUIRM.

NO! NO! PLEASE! NO!



THE END



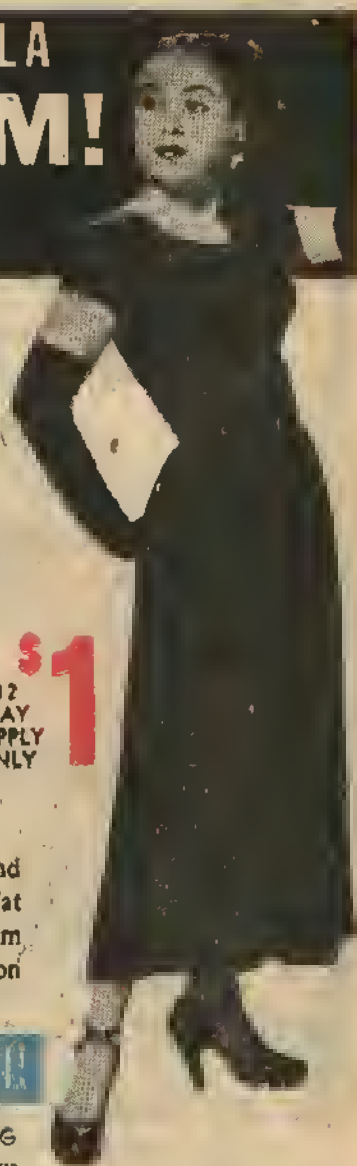


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12  
DAY  
SUPPLY  
ONLY



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**SENT ON APPROVAL — MAIL COUPON NOW!**



FOLKS AROUND SILVER CITY CONSIDERED MARK JACKSON STILL A BOY. BUT DESPITE HIS 19 YEARS HE PROVED HE WAS ALL MAN WHEN HE FOLLOWED HIS CONVICTIONS AND FOUGHT 6-1 ODDS...

# ALONE

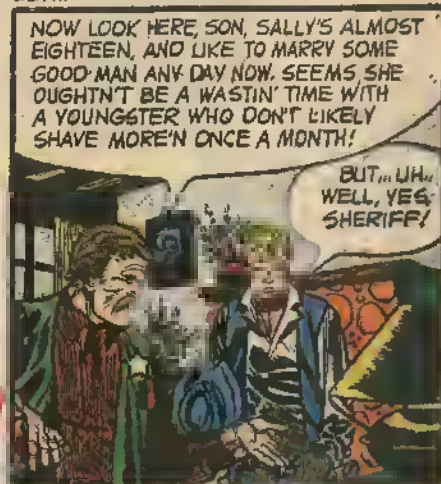


ALL RIGHT, BOLING... YOU AND YORE BOYS HAD YORE CHANCE! NOW EAT LEAD!

YOUNG MARK HAD WHIPPED UP A SIGHT OF COURAGE THAT ANY MAN COULD BE PROUD OF THE DAY HE WENT TO CALL ON MISS SALLY. BUT...

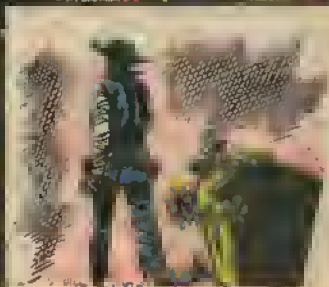
NOW LOOK HERE, SON, SALLY'S ALMOST EIGHTEEN, AND LIKE TO MARRY SOME GOOD MAN ANY DAY NOW. SEEMS SHE OUGHTN'T BE A WASTIN' TIME WITH A YOUNGSTER WHO DON'T LIKELY SHAVE MORE'N ONCE A MONTH!

BUT... UH... WELL, YES, SHERIFF!



SOMEHOW MARK'S COURAGE EVAPORATED IN THE COLD LIGHT OF THE SHERIFF'S APPRAISAL AND HE HURRIED OUT...

GOSH! SALLY! WITH THAT BOLING HOM WHO JUST ARRIVED IN SILVER CITY!



DON TECK





THE BOY GOT AWAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN, EITHER BY SALLY OR HER COMPANION, AND WALKED GRIMLY TOWARD THE HOTEL. HE HAD COME TO TOWN JUST TO SEE SALLY. NOW HE MIGHT JUST AS WELL RIDE BACK TO THE BAR Q...

NEVER THOUGHT SALLY'D BE TAKEN UP WITH AN OLDER MAN. WHY SHUCKS THAT HOMBRE MUST BE THIRTY!



MARK WAS SO INTENT ON HIS GLUM THOUGHTS THAT HE WAS ALMOST RUN DOWN BY FIVE ROUGH-LOOKING MEN, RIDING THROUGH TOWN.

FOOLS! WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE?

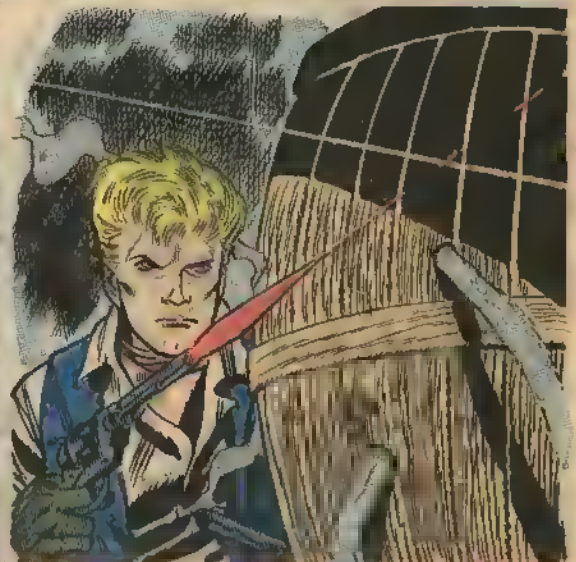


THEN THE KID'S ANGER TURNED TO SUSPICION AS HE SAW THE FIVE HOMBRES TIE UP IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL STORE. WHEN HE SAW THREE OF THE MEN ENTER AND TWO STAND OUTSIDE, HE REACHED FOR HIS GUNS.



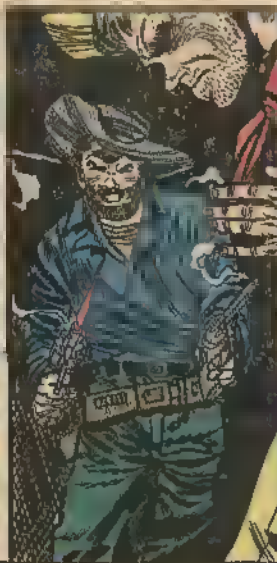
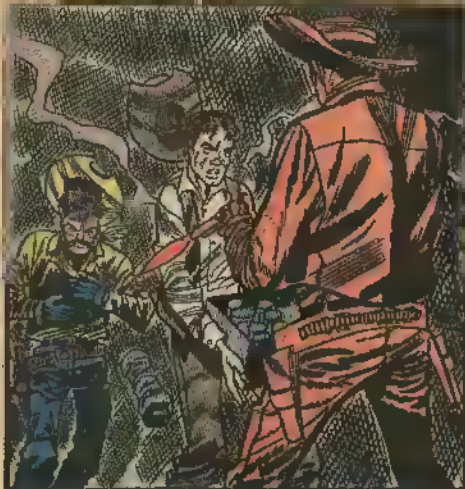
SUDDENLY A BULLET CREASED MARK'S SHOULDER! ANOTHER SPLINTERED THE WOOD OF THE HOTEL'S CLAPBOARDS JUST BEHIND HIM...

YEOW-W-W-W! GOTTA TAKE COVER QUICK!





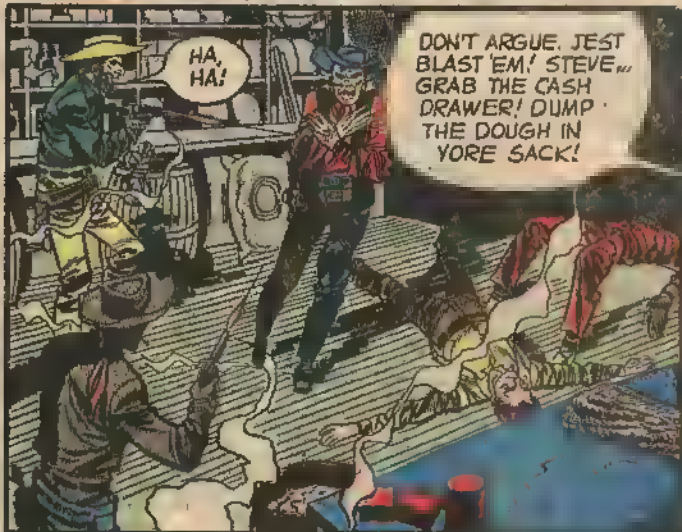
**SUDDENLY THE TOWN BECAME A BEDLAM OF CONFUSION AS THE MEN OPENED UP KILLING WITHOUT MERCY...**



**DEPUTY SHERIFF ED WARREN WAS STANDING INSIDE THE HOTEL LOBBY WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED...**



**MEANWHILE INSIDE THE SILVER CITY GENERAL STORE...**



**A FEW MINUTES LATER...**



**IT HAD HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY THAT IT WAS ALL OVER, WHEN...**





IT TOOK THE SHERIFF ONLY A HALF AN HOUR TO  
ROUND UP A POSSE OF ANGRY MEN IN SILVER  
CITY. ANGRIEST OF ALL WAS JOHN BOLING WHO  
HAD BEEN CALLING ON SALLY WIXON...



THOSE SKUNKS! THOSE  
ROTTEN KILLERS! SHERIFF  
IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO,  
I'LL KEEP ON THEIR TRAIL  
'TILL WE TRACK 'EM DOWN!



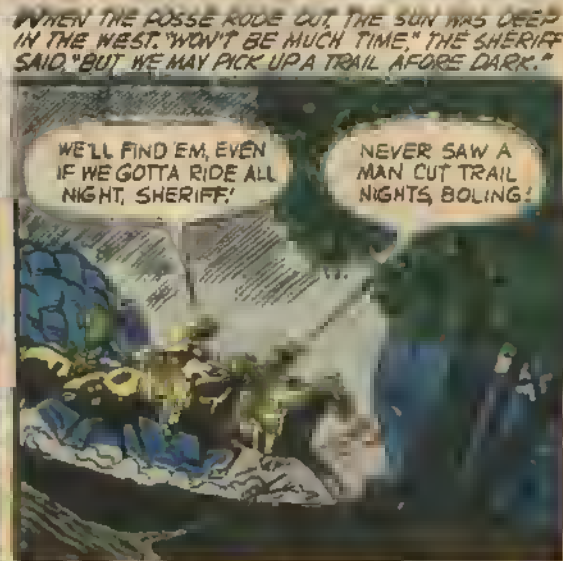
BUT I DUNNO...  
ABOUT TAKIN'  
BOYS, SHERIFF!

AIN'T NO BOY, SIR!  
I RECKON I'LL KEEP  
AFTER 'EM LONG  
AS YOU!



YOU KNOW I'M OKAY, SHERIFF  
WIXON! I KNOW ALL TRAILS  
HEREABOUTS, AND I'M  
RIGHT HANDY WITH A  
GUN.

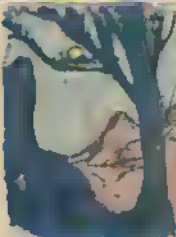
THE BOY STAYS.  
WE NEED EVERY  
MAN WE CAN  
RAISE!



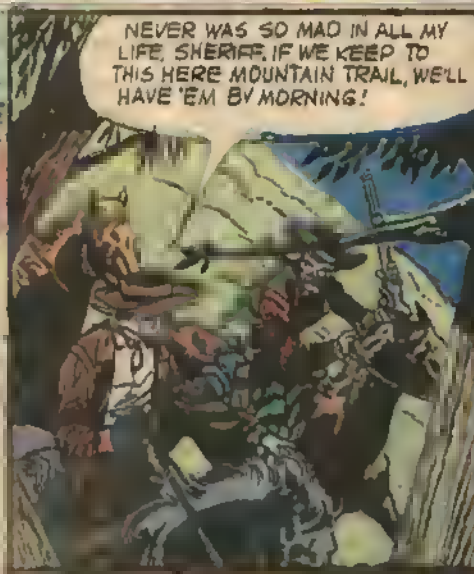
WHEN THE POSSE RODE OUT, THE SUN WAS DEEP  
IN THE WEST. "WON'T BE MUCH TIME," THE SHERIFF  
SAID, "BUT WE MAY PICK UP A TRAIL AFORE DARK."

WE'LL FIND 'EM, EVEN  
IF WE GOTTA RIDE ALL  
NIGHT, SHERIFF!

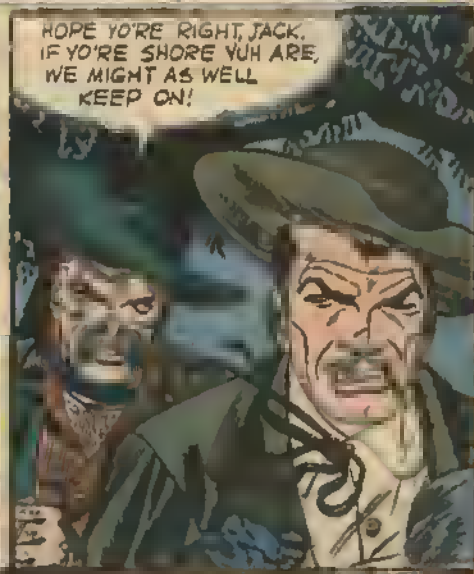
NEVER SAW A  
MAN CUT TRAIL  
NIGHTS, BOLING!



BUT JACK  
BOLING WAS  
LIKE A MAN  
POSSESSED.  
HE KNEW  
THE MOUNTAIN  
TRAIL, ALL  
RIGHT...



NEVER WAS SO MAD IN ALL MY  
LIFE, SHERIFF. IF WE KEEP TO  
THIS HERE MOUNTAIN TRAIL, WE'LL  
HAVE 'EM BY MORNING!



HOPE YO'RE RIGHT, JACK.  
IF YO'RE SHORE YUH ARE,  
WE MIGHT AS WELL  
KEEP ON!



**BUT BY THE FOLLOWING MID-MORNING THE POSSE RETURNED TO SILVER CITY... EMPTY HANDED. THE MOST DISAPPOINTED OF THEM WAS BOLING...**

THEY SLIPPED US, SHERIFF... AND I FEEL LIKE IT WAS MY FAULT! BUT THEY WAS IN THEM HILLS! MARK MY WORD!

PSHAW, DON'T TAKE ON SO JACK. YUH TRIED NONE OF THE REST OF US DONE ANY BETTER. BEST WE CAN DO NOW IS HOPE FOR A BREAK!



**BUT AFTER BOLING HAD RIDDEN AWAY...**

SHERIFF! I THINK BOLING'S A LIAR! I THINK HE LED US OFF THE RIGHT TRAIL A-PURPOSE!

'STEADY, LAD THAT IS A SERIOUS ACCUSATION! SURE IT AIN'T 'CAUSE SALLY'S A BIT SWEET ON JACK!



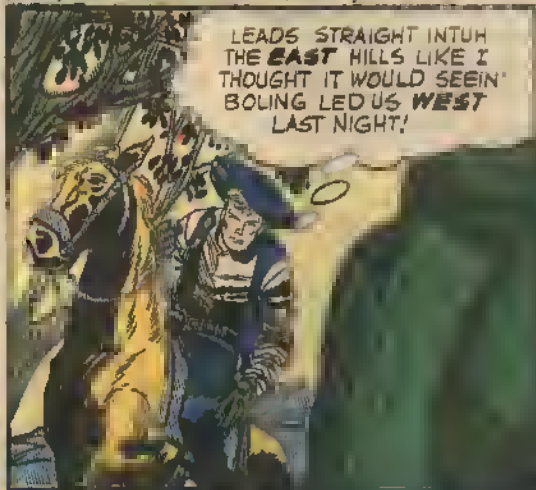
NO, SIR! BUT I SHORE WOULD HATE TO SEE HER MARRY UP WITH A RAT! ...ANYWAY'S I'M KEEPIN' CLOSE TO THAT HOMBRE, SHERIFF GOT A FEELIN' HE'S GOIN' T'UH LEAD ME SOMEWHERE INTERESTIN'!

DON'T BE A FOOL, SON! GROW UP, BOY! GROW UP!



**THE KID WHEELED HIS MOUNT THEN AND RODE IN THE DIRECTION BOLING HAD TAKEN. AFTER AN HOUR, HE PICKED UP THE TRAIL...**

LEADS STRAIGHT INTUH THE **EAST** HILLS LIKE I THOUGHT IT WOULD SEEN! BOLING LED US **WEST** LAST NIGHT!



**BY MID-AFTERNOON THE KID SAW THAT THE SINGLE HOOF PRINTS HE WAS FOLLOWING JOINED SEVERAL OTHERS. THEN AT LAST, HE DISMOUNTED AND FOLLOWED ON FOOT. FINALLY...**

JUST AS I FIGURED! A HIDEOUT!



**THEN IN THE CAVERN BELOW...**

YUH WAS RIGHT, BOLING. YUH TOOK THAT POSSE CLEAN OUT OF OUR WAY. WE'RE IN THE CLEAR!

FOR NOW, YES! BUT THEY'LL BE ON OUR TRAIL TODAY! WE HAVE THE MONEY! YOU MEN SEPARATE. ME, I'LL GO BACK INTO SILVER CITY. NOBODY SUSPECTS ME!







HELL GO BACK TO SALLY! AND HOWLL I PROVE HE'S A BANDIT? NO ONE'LL BELIEVE ME!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! TAKE 'EM NOW! **ALONE!**



REACH YOU HOMBRES! FIRST ONE TO MOVE IS GONNA TASTE LEAD!

THE KID!



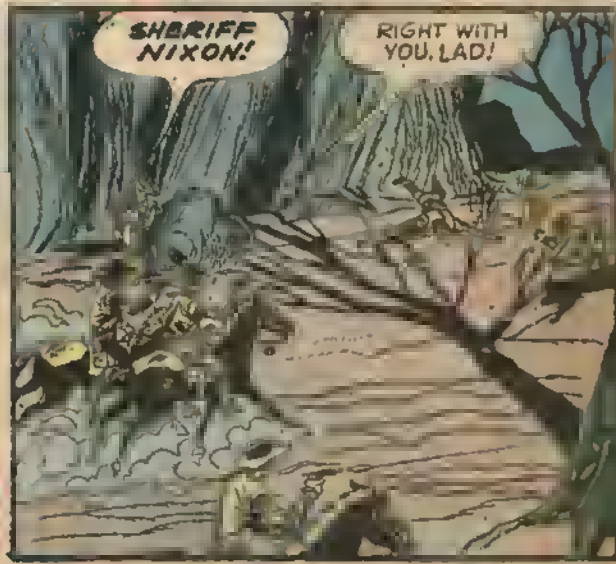
GET THAT KID! DON'T LET HIM TAKE YUH!

NO! NO FOOL KID IS GONNA ARRGH!! H



THEY'LL GET ME SHORE, BUT I'LL TAKE MOST OF THEM WITH ME!

HEY!... SOME-ONE ELSE IS FIRING AT 'EM!



SHERIFF NIXON!

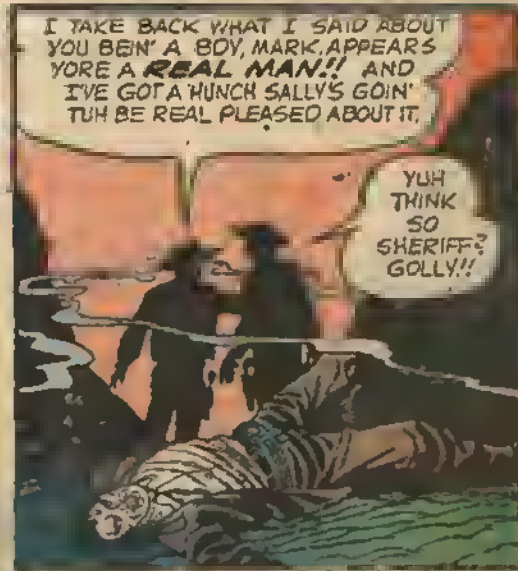
RIGHT WITH YOU, LAD!

LATER...



GOT THINKING YUH MIGHT BE RIGHT, SON. MADE UP A POSSE AND PICKED UP YORE TRAIL. APPEARS I WAS WRONG ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS, MARK!

THANKS, SHERIFF, I SURE WAS GLAD TO SEE YUH. DON'T THINK I'D HAVE LASTED LONG **ALONE!**



I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID ABOUT YOU BEIN' A BOY, MARK, APPEARS YORE A **REAL MAN!!** AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH SALLY'S GOIN' TUH BE REAL PLEASED ABOUT IT.

YUH THINK SO SHERIFF? GOLLY!!





# Amazing New!

## YOUNG FORM BRA

Smooths Away "Spare Tire" Roll!

Have you had the common bra problem—comfort but not support . . . or fit, but not comfort? Then here is the "bra" for you! Proper fit, correct support, complete comfort and a lovely bosom line—all in one brassiere and at a remarkably low price.

### Fine Detail + DIAPHRAGM CONTROL

Smooth, fine long-wearing broadcloth, with wonderful under-bosom support and "lift" in the semi-circular bands stitched inside the bottom half of the cups. A center panel with the same unusual stitched bands provides and maintains correct separation. A marvelous elastic band comfortably firms and smooths away a "spare-tire" roll. It fastens at the side, just the way you want it, with an adjustable closing. Beautifully made, with dainty, flirty, lace edging all around; built-up shoulders. Bust sizes 34-56. Cups B, C, D.

You risk nothing. Order today. Wear your "Young Form" Bra for 10 days. If you are not simply delighted just return it for a refund. Bust sizes 34-44 . . . \$2.98. Sizes 46-56 . . . \$3.98.

ONLY

**\$2.98 10 DAY TRIAL FREE**

THE S. J. WEGMAN COMPANY, Dept. 279-Y,  
LYNBROOK, NEW YORK

Send me my "Young Form" bra by return mail. If I am not 100% delighted after 10 days FREE TRIAL, I may return it for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

How many \_\_\_\_\_ Bust size \_\_\_\_\_ Cup \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





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# \$50<sup>00</sup> to \$600<sup>00</sup>

**But Guarantee**  
If for any reason you return the money within 30 days after the loan is made, there will be no charge of cost to you.

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#### Repay in Convenient Monthly Installments

Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead

of time, you pay only for the time you use the money . . . not one day longer! One out of three applicants get cash on their signature only. Furniture and auto loans are also made. No matter in which state you live, you can borrow from State Finance Company in complete confidence.

## Clip and Mail Coupon Below for Fast Action FREE LOAN PAPERS

### NO OBLIGATION

If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your Loan Application, sent to you in a plain envelope. There is no obligation, and you'll get fast action. You can get the money you need to help pay bills, to buy furniture, to repair your home or car, to pay doctor or hospital bills, to pay for a vacation, a trip, or for schooling, or for any other purpose. This money is here, waiting for you, so rush this coupon today!

### STATE FINANCE COMPANY MAIL COUPON TODAY! Dept. H-195, 323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Without obligation rush full details in plain envelope, with FREE Loan Application and Loan Papers for my signature, if I decide to borrow.

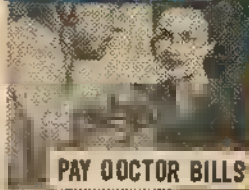
Name

Address

City  State

Occupation  Age

Amount you want to borrow \$



**PAY DOCTOR BILLS**



**PAY INSURANCE**



**PAY OLD DEBTS**



**HOME REPAIRS**

## CONFIDENTIAL

Complete privacy is assured. No one knows you are applying for a loan. All details are handled in the privacy of your own home, and entirely by mail. **ONLY YOU AND WE KNOW ABOUT IT!**

## IMPORTANT

You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

## Old Reliable Company - MORE THAN 50 YEARS OF SERVICE

STATE FINANCE COMPANY was organized in 1897. During the past 54 years, we have helped over 1,000,000 men and women in all walks of life. Confidential loans are made all over America, in all 48 states. We are licensed by the Banking Department of the State of Nebraska to do business under the Small Loan Law.

You'll enjoy borrowing this easy, confidential, convenient way from this old, responsible company in whom you can place the greatest confidence.



# STATE FINANCE COMPANY

Dept. H-195, 323 Securities Bldg.

Omaha 2, Nebraska



# Whee!

## FREE as a bird...

A "Quick-Action"  
OPPORTUNITY to

# WIN \$25,000 CASH PRIZES

## 1st Prize \$15,000

### The Amazing New EnterPRIZE PUZZLE CONTEST

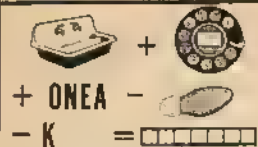
Sponsored by the NATIONAL BOOK CLUB

Get the Facts FREE! But ACT NOW!

WIN REAL MONEY!

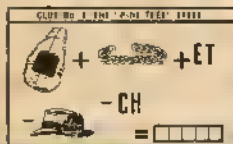
#### HOW TO SOLVE SAMPLE PUZZLE

CLUE No. 1: THE "HOOSIER" STATE.



You will see there are a SINK, a DIAL, the SOLE of a shoe and various letters of the alphabet. There is a plus and minus signs. It is necessary to add and subtract the names and letters as shown by the plus and minus signs. First, write down SINK. Then, add DIAL to it. Next, add ONEA. All this equals SINKDIALONEA. Now, you must subtract the letters in SOLE and K. When this is done you are left with INDIANA. Indiana is the Hoosier State, so the result checks with Clue No. 1.

Fun? Yes! Now Solve  
This Typical Contest Puzzle



Here's a quick-action puzzle contest that rings the bell. It's fair, it's square — and it offers the winner a golden opportunity to get a new slant on life! Just imagine — \$15,000 in nice crisp stacking \$100 bills! Well — YOU have the opportunity to win this kind of money but you must act now! Simply fill out the coupon below and mail. The very day we get your coupon we'll rush you full particulars on the amazing new EnterPRIZE "Quick-Action" Puzzle Contest. Here's the golden opportunity you've been waiting for! Grab it!

FUN TO ENTER! FUN TO DO!

No Gimmicks! Only Skill Counts!

The EnterPRIZE "Quick-Action" PUZZLE CONTEST is the nearest every puzzle-minded person in the country has been waiting for. This contest is sponsored by the National Book Club to introduce its publications to as many new friends as possible. Just look at the SAMPLE

PUZZLE at the left. Here is a typical puzzle with every picture waiting to be identified. Everything opens and above board — nothing tricky. That's one big reason you'll agree this is among the fairest, squarest contests ever offered to American puzzle-lovers.

FAIR AND SQUARE — ONLY STANDARD PICTURES  
USED! AN AMAZING NEW CONCEPT IN PUZZLES

To make this contest fair and square for one and all, the Judges and Sponsor of the EnterPRIZE PUZZLE CONTEST have decided to take their puzzle illustrations only from READILY AVAILABLE AND OBTAINABLE SOURCES.

AND MORE! Every solution to every puzzle has a point value according to an error-proof table of letter values. You will know AT ONCE if your answer is right or wrong.

You owe it to yourself to try to stop money troubles and GET ON THE ROAD TO SECURITY. And here's your opportunity. For the price of a postage stamp, we will send you FREE the Entry Form, the Official Rules, the First Series of Puzzles — EVERYTHING you need to enter. So make up your mind now — decide to win! Get the facts and MAIL COUPON TODAY!!



Big Bonus  
for  
promptness

Mail this coupon at once and learn how you can qualify to win a special extra promptness bonus of either a 1934 Riviera Buick or a beautiful Ramah Mink Coat. The choice is up to you if you win.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS—MAIL COUPON TODAY!

ENTERPRIZE PUZZLE CONTEST  
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I want full particulars about the \$25,000.00 ENTERPRIZE PUZZLE CONTEST. Please send me FREE the Official Entry Form, Rules, and First Series of Puzzles.

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PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Remember the PROMPTNESS BONUS—MAIL TODAY!



# APPEAR SLIMMER *Instantly*

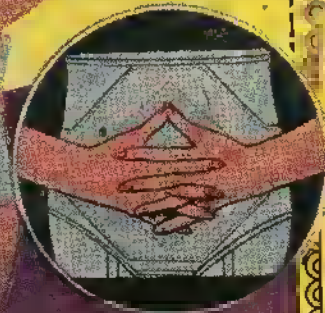
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